



What a friend we have in potatoes.



Chaz

 [cvillette](#)

<https://cvillette.livejournal.com/>

2007-10-18 17:00:00

MOOD: 😊 fed

MUSIC: Boiled in Lead - Leanan Sidhe

'Cause right now I can't say that about Cheeses... *g*

But one huge baked one with veggie chili really does a number on those mid-morning pangs.

And the vinegar was balsamic. (<https://www.livejournal.com/away?to=http%3A//www.fitday.com/webfit/publicjournals.html%3FOwner%3Dcvillette%26Year%3D2007%26Month%3D9%26Day%3D18>)

Also, leftover lasagne for dinner tomorrow night, unless a go intervenes. After all, we didn't have to work last weekend, so what are the odds?



[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning house, putting

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't handle it well. So yeah, I'm

Poppets. Puppets. Poppet puppets.
Scary.

16 comments



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[October 19 2007, 00:44:45 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Why must you hex us?



 [cvillette](#)

[October 19 2007, 00:54:41 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I was hoping pessimism would fend it off. Was I not gloomily resigned enough?



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[October 19 2007, 01:55:00 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You have drawn the attention of the fates.

I'm afraid this means you must propitiate the Qabbit. Or face the consequences.





[cvillette](#)

[October 19 2007, 02:29:33 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

No. No! Not the DOUGHNUT! NOOOOOOOOOO!!!



[Ometotchtli](#)

[October 19 2007, 03:09:46 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Someday, my child, you shall learn.



[cvillette](#)

[October 19 2007, 03:33:21 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

whimper

But no! I shall fight on, until the last sprinkly hope is snuffed out (i.e, disappears behind your beeooteful white teeth). The doughnut may yet be MINE!



[trollcatz](#)

[October 19 2007, 06:07:23 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Come tomorrow, I'm going to stay out of the direct line between either of you and the other, or either of you and the doughnut box.

In fact, I may call in late. Heaven knows how many innocents might be caught in the crossfire on this one. *g*



[cvillette](#)

[October 19 2007, 12:03:48 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

She'll never see me coming.



[Ometotchtli](#)

[October 19 2007, 13:40:05 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

what r u eating? I can smell it from here.



[cvillette](#)

[October 19 2007, 13:41:22 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

More garlic batard with pub cheese and ghetto tapenade--black & green olives chopped up with sundried tomatoes and roasted garlic and olive oil.

You could have some.

For a price.



[re: garlic sweat](#)

[trollcatz](#)

[October 19 2007, 13:42:18 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh, gawd. Is THAT what that is?

And you complain about the things Sol eats.



[Re: garlic sweat](#)


[cvillette](#)

October 19 2007, 13:43:06 UTC COLLAPSE

I gave Sol some.



Re: garlic sweat

 trollcatz


October 19 2007, 13:44:19 UTC COLLAPSE

Gak!

What are the odds I'm going to have to sit in an SUV for hours with the two of you today?



Re: garlic sweat

 cvillette


October 19 2007, 13:46:42 UTC COLLAPSE

Since ES just walked past with Lau in tow and a pile of manila folders taller than the both of them under one arm?

Um. Want some garlic?



Re: your brains

 trollcatz

October 19 2007, 13:48:06 UTC COLLAPSE

And of course the pizza hasn't come yet.

Oh, fine.

Lay it on me.



 Ometotchtli

October 19 2007, 13:49:44 UTC COLLAPSE

Curse you, Nefarious Doctor Villette!

Okay, you can have the doughnut.

For a price.

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